

THERE'S AN ALLIGATOR UNDER MY BED



written and illustrated by MERCER MAYER

A generation has grown up feeling safer at bedtime after reading *There's a Nightmare in My Closet*. And now Mercer Mayer brings back his imaginative young hero for an even funnier nighttime adventure.

It's bad enough having an alligator live under your bed. You have to be *so* careful getting in and out at night. It's even worse when every time you manage to convince your parents to look under the bed, the alligator hides or something. But the boy who became friends with the nightmare in his closet is a little older now, and he has a plan. Watch our hero bait a trap with apples and peanut butter and other delicious treats alligators love. He'll get that reptile out of the bedroom and into the garage where he belongs!

Once again, Mercer Mayer's magic touch has turned fear into fun. Peeking under the bed will never be the same.

Dial Books for Young Readers
A member of Penguin Putnam Inc.
375 Hudson Street
New York, New York 10014

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New York, New York 10014

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Design by Nancy K. Lee

Printed in Hong Kong by South China Printing Company

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29 30 28

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Mayer, Mercer, 1943-.

There's an alligator under my bed.

Sequel to: *There's a nightmare in my closet.*

Summary: The alligator under his bed makes a boy's bedtime
a hazardous operation, until he hires it out of
the house and into the garage.

[1. Alligators—Fiction. 2. Bedtime—Fiction.]

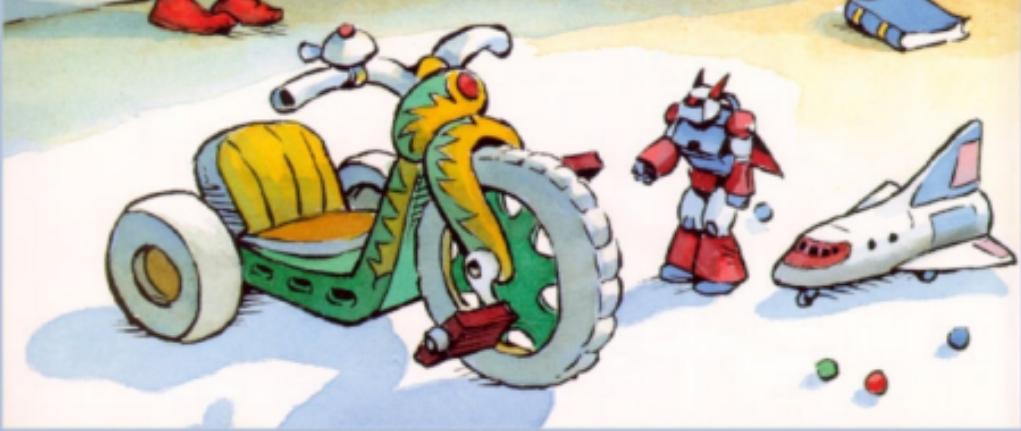
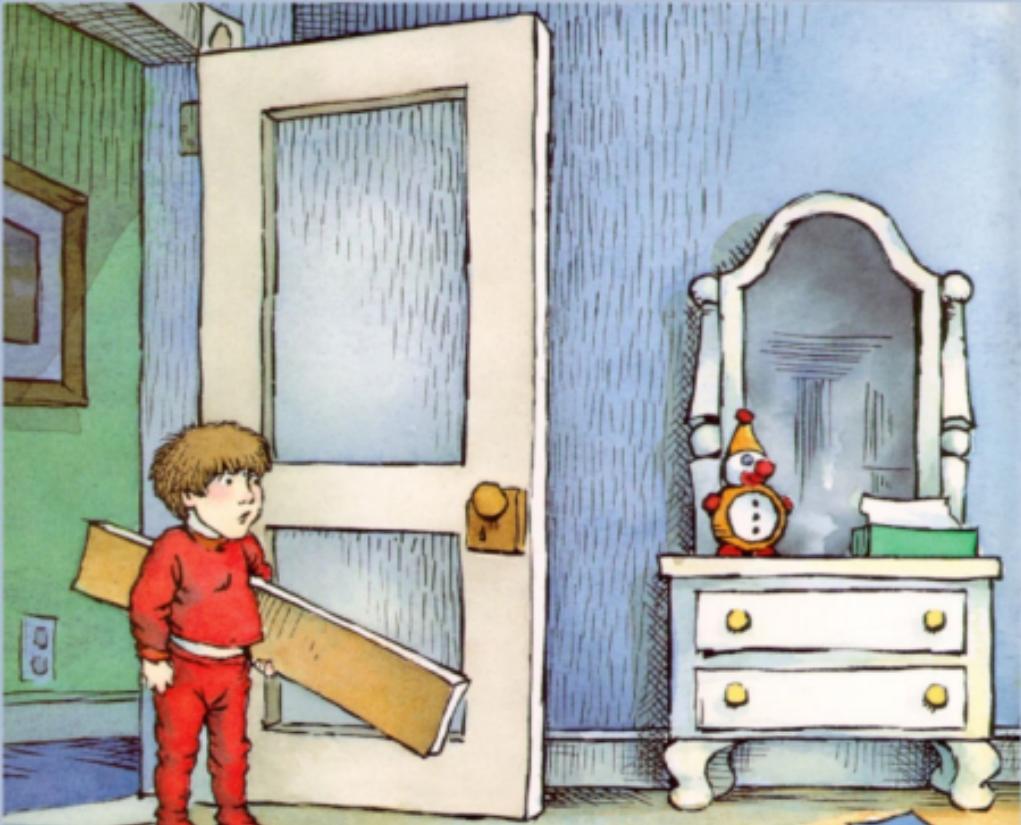
I. Title. II. Title *There's an alligator under my bed.*

PZ7.M462The 1987 [E] 86-19944

ISBN 0-8037-0374-0

ISBN 0-8037-0375-9 (lib. bdg.)

*The art for each picture consists of pen, ink, and watercolor washes
which are color-separated and reproduced in full color.*





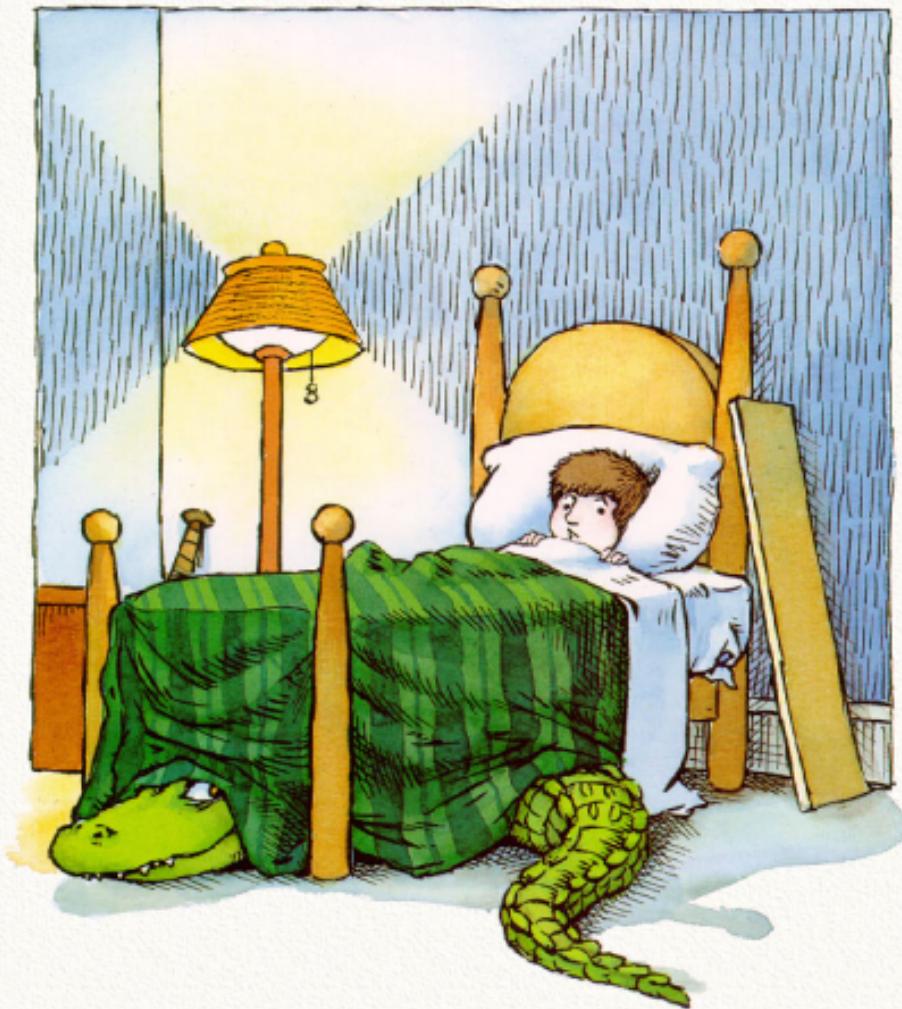
There used to be an alligator under my bed.





When it was time to go to sleep,
I had to be very careful





because I knew he was there.



But whenever I looked,
he hid...or something.



So I'd call Mom and Dad.





But they never saw it.



It was up to me.
I just had to do something
about that alligator.



So I went to the kitchen
to get some alligator bait.



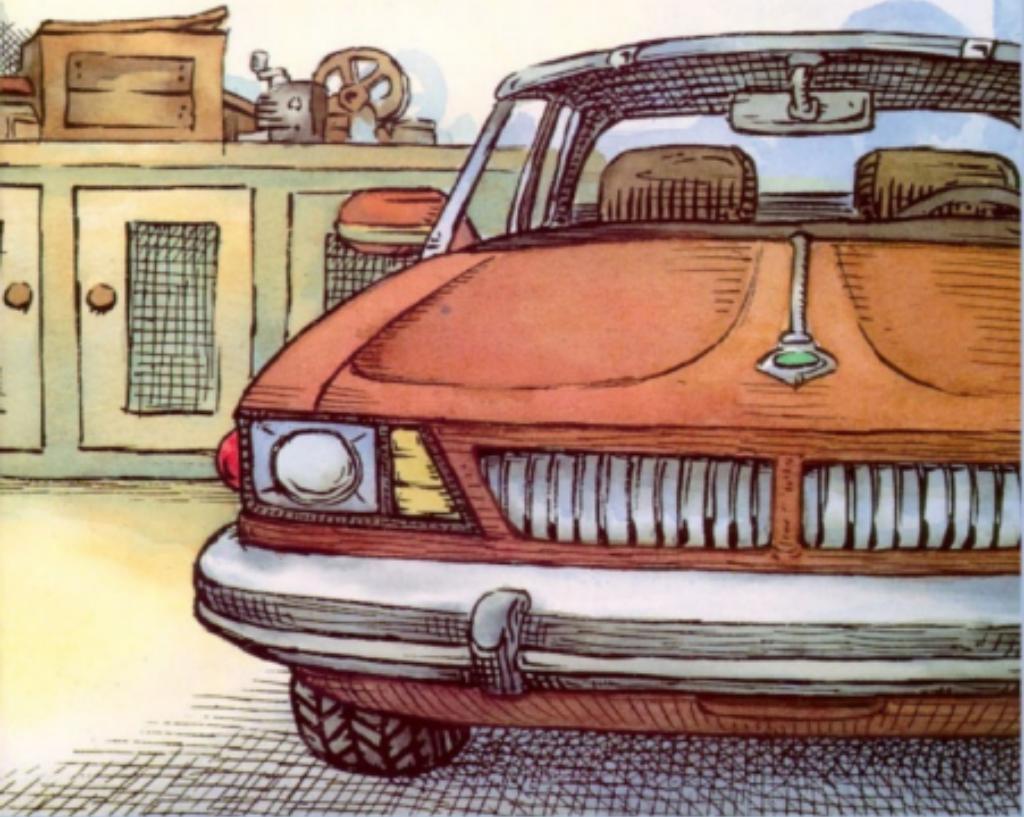
I filled a paper bag full
of things alligators like to eat.



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PENCE



I put a peanut butter sandwich,
some fruit, and the last piece
of pie in the garage.



I put cookies down the hall.

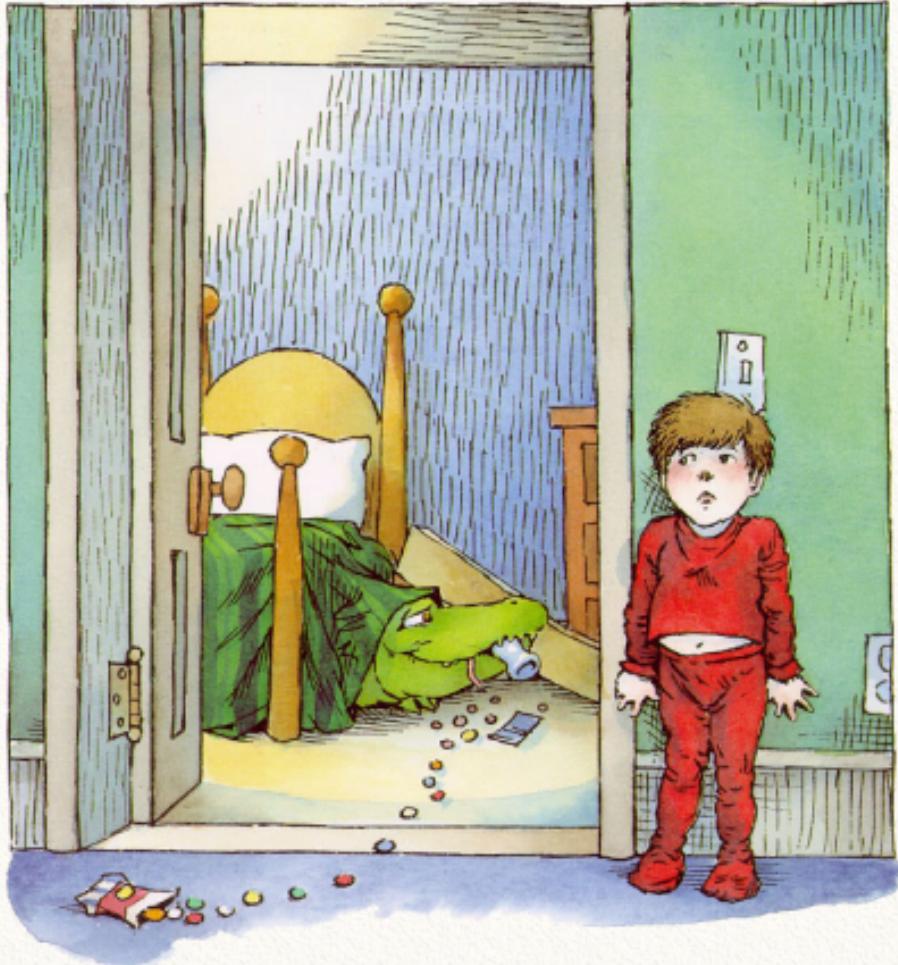




I left fresh vegetables on the stairs.



I put a soda and some candy
next to my bed.
Then I watched and waited.



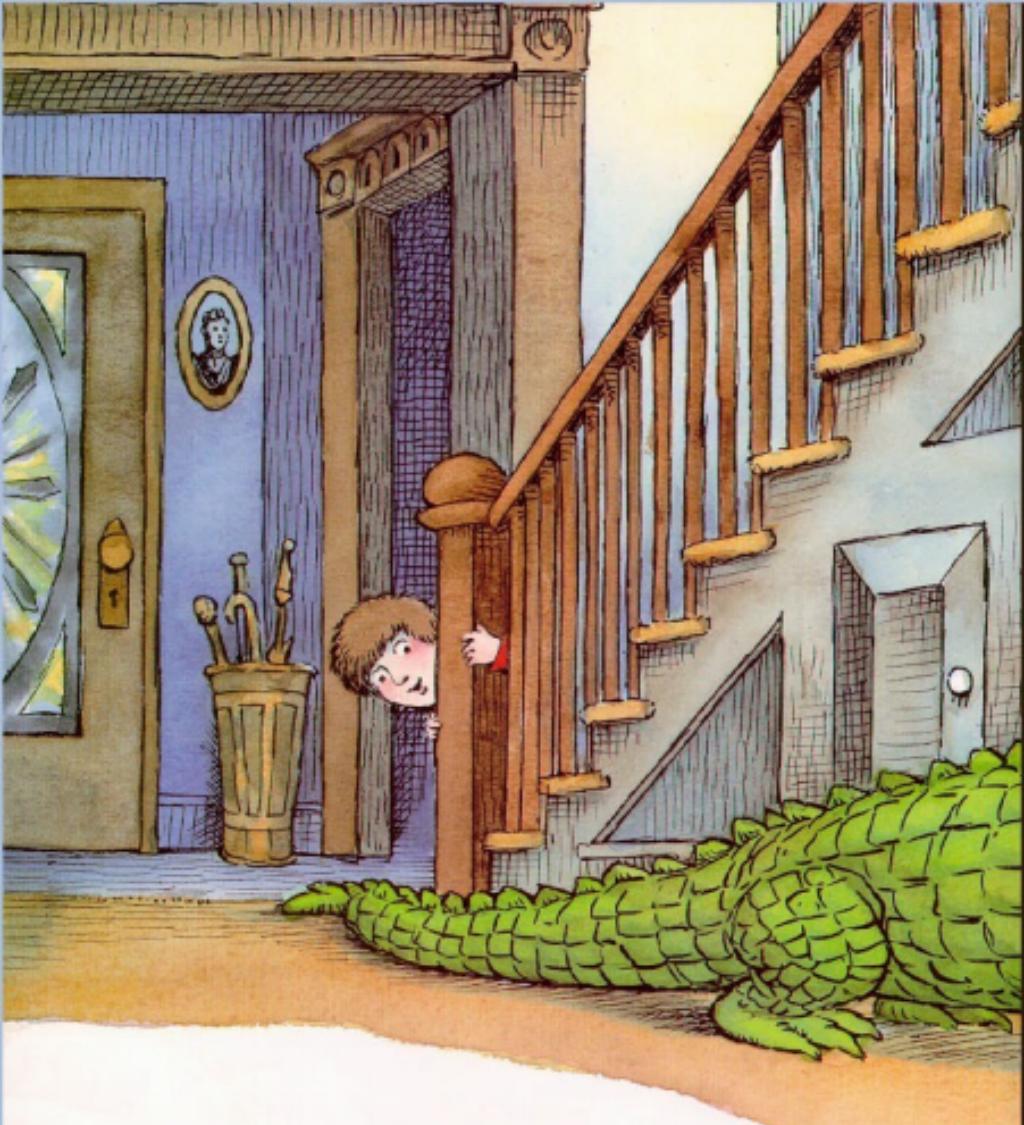
Sure enough, out he came
to get something to eat.



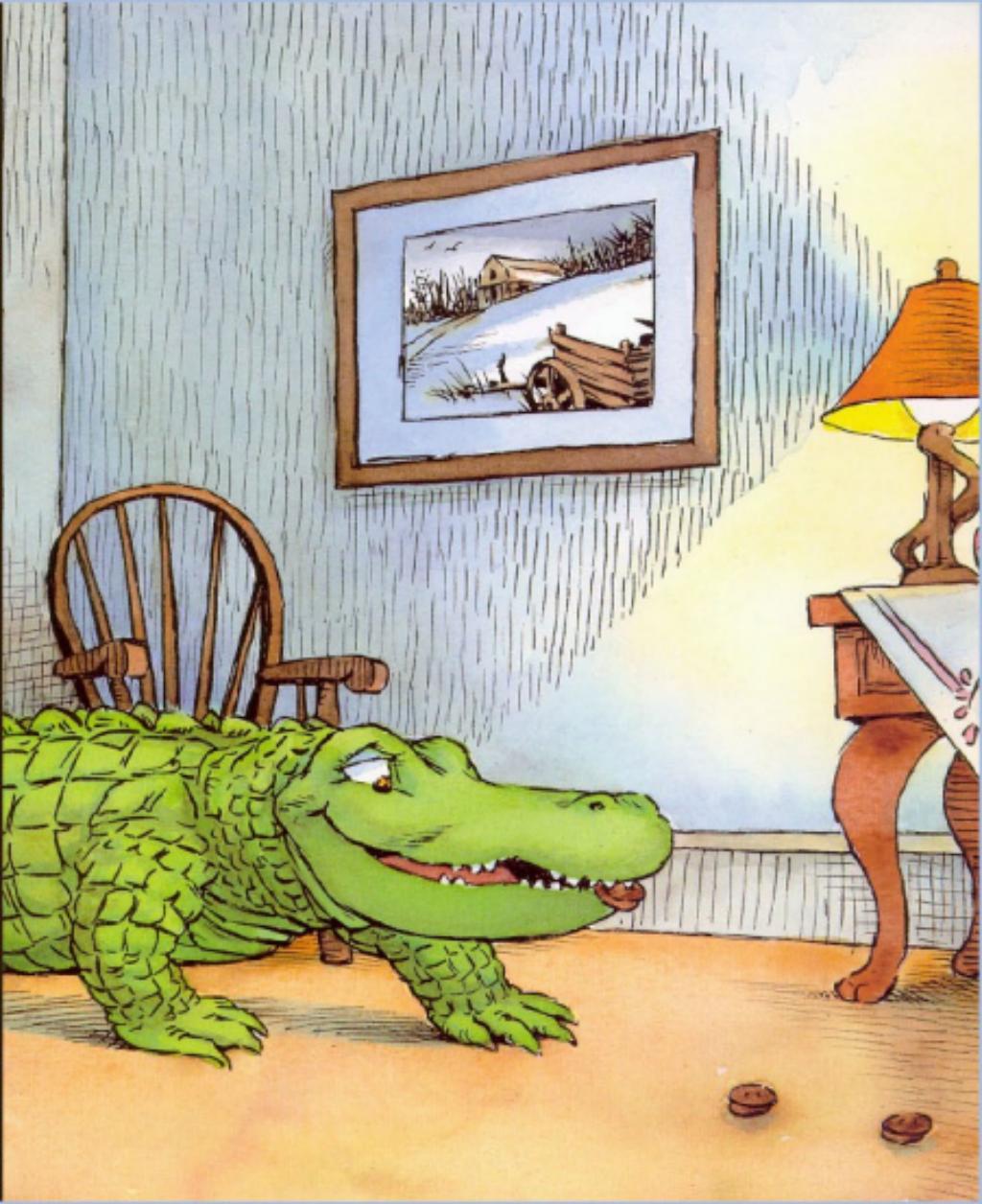
Then I hid in the hall closet.

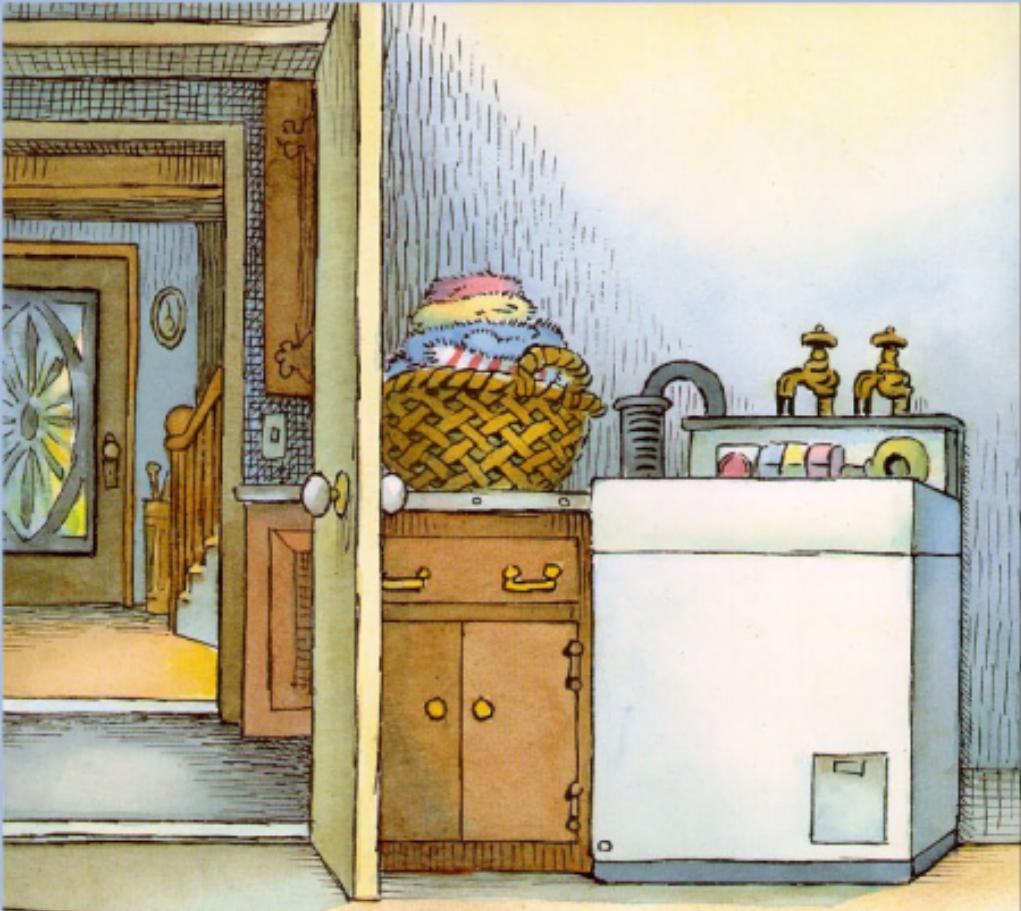


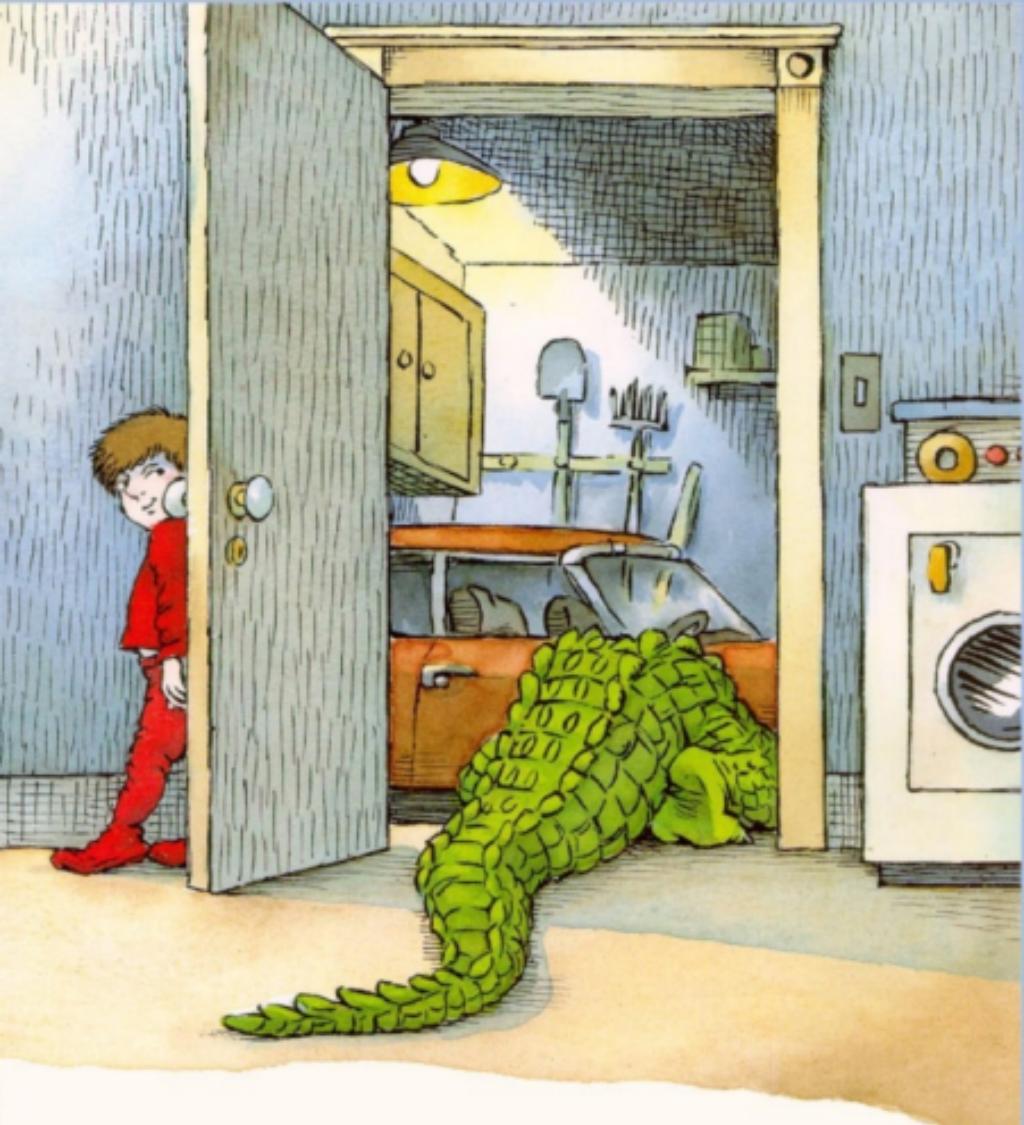
I followed him down the stairs.



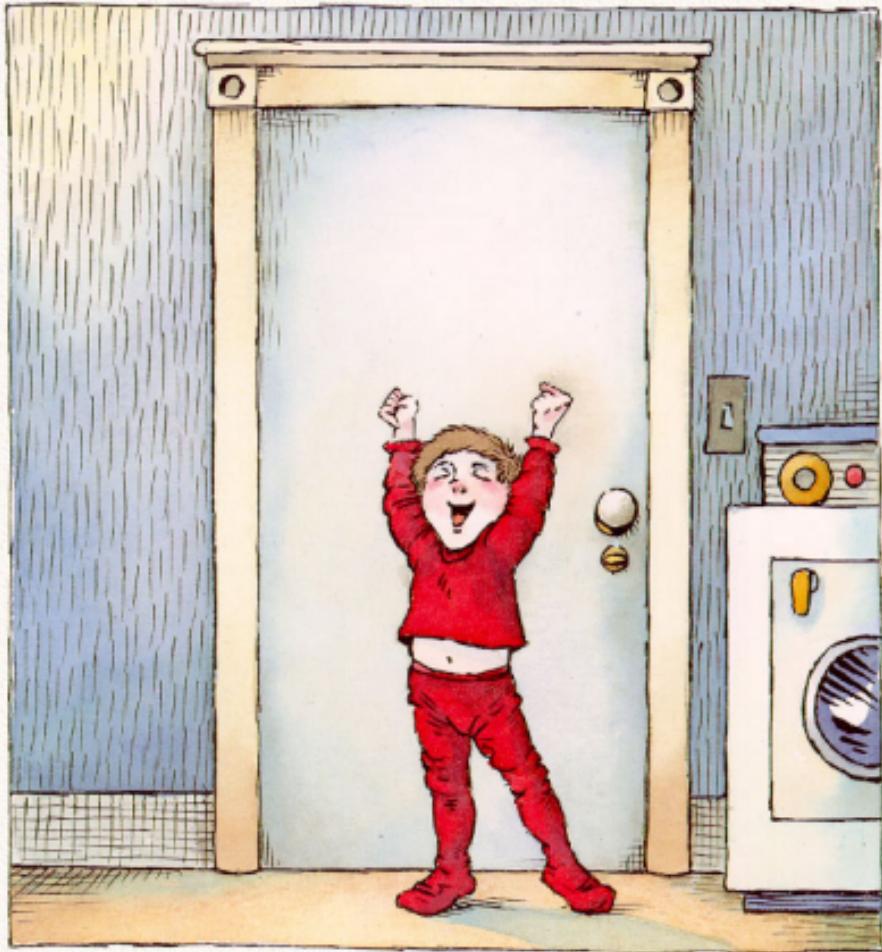
I followed him down the hall.







When he crawled into the garage,

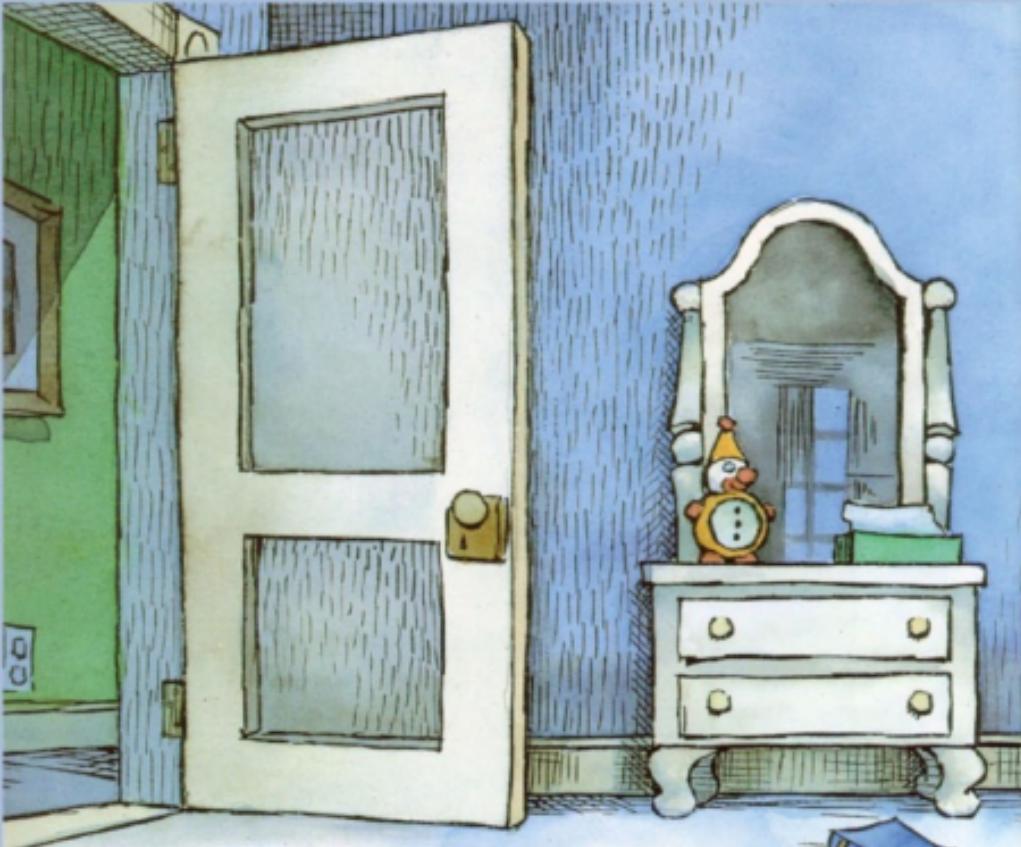


I slammed the door and locked it.



Then I went to bed.

There wasn't even any mess to clean up.





Now that there is an alligator in the garage,
I wonder if my dad will have any trouble
getting in his car tomorrow morning.





DEAR DAD
THERE IS AN
ALLIGATOR IN
THE GERAAGE
GARAGE
IF YOU NEED HELP
WAKE ME UP

WARNING
BE
CAREFUL

I'll just leave him a note.

Mercer Mayer's children's book career began when *A Boy, a Dog, and a Frog* was published by Dial in 1967. *Kirkus Reviews* called that pioneering wordless picture book "a thoroughly satisfying self-starter." Together with five further Frog books for Dial, it remains in print and continues to sell well in hardcover and paperback editions.

Mr. Mayer's second book all his own, *There's a Nightmare in My Closet*, was published by Dial in 1968 and is widely regarded as a classic. *The Los Angeles Times* included it with *The Wind in the Willows* and *The Little Prince* in a selection of ten children's books to liven and enrich the growing-up years. After sixteen hardcover and thirteen paperback printings, it is now selling better than ever. *The Washington Post* called this *Reading Rainbow* title "a wonderfully ironic picture book about things that go bump in the night."

Mr. Mayer's travels have taken him from Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was born, to Hawaii, where he studied at the Honolulu Academy of Arts, to Bridgewater, Connecticut, where he now lives with his wife Jo, their children, and their dog and cat and two horses. Another horse is on the way.



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